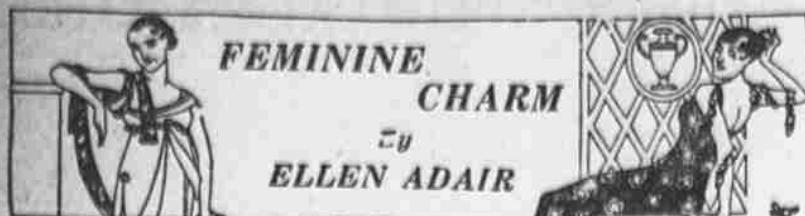


PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONABLE FANCIES FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD

FEMININE
CHARM
By
ELLEN ADAIR

Are Sensible Women Attractive?

MEN really do hold the most extraordinary views on the subject of feminine charm and the leading constituents thereof. So also do women, by the way. And nobody has the same opinion, anyhow! How can one arrive at any conclusion at all?

"Are sensible women really attractive to men?" I inquired a skeptical dame recently. "I'm certain they are not! Men adore fluff, absurd little butterflies without a ounce of brains or a grain of sense, and they shun sensible women like the plague!"

Viewing some of the ill-assorted couples who do frequently become entangled in the matrimonial noose, one would very much incline to agree with this statement. For sensible, intelligent men show a strange aptitude for uniting themselves for better or for worse with some giggling, fuzzy-haired little girl who has hardly enough sense to spell her own name, but who, strange to say, has shown sufficient "savoir faire" to capture the male of the species, and, moreover, to capture a fairly presentable specimen, too!

And this brings me to a second point. A very level-headed man was discussing this subject recently. "No," said he, "the average man doesn't want a woman to be 'sensible.' For the term implies in his interpretation something plain and homely and dull and uninteresting. The average man falls in love with the woman who knows how to manage him, and who is sufficiently sensible to hide her sense under an assumption of stupidity!"

This assuredly is a sweeping statement, and makes things hard for the clever woman. For how can she hide her light under the proverbial bushel? How can she suppress the brains which she is naturally desirous should be observed of and duly appreciated by all men?

"A clever woman is only really clever when she knows enough to hide that self-same cleverness," declared a remarkably intuitive young woman, whose opinion, being founded on an intimate knowledge of her subject, certainly should be allowed to carry weight. "Glad, believe me, for I know what I'm talking about! Be sensible, if you want to be—but for any sake hide it from the men! Play the fool all the time, and you will be the success of the season! But once let the men see that you are clever, and then—good-by, good-by to rosy hopes of matrimony!"

Another young woman now took up the tale. "Sensible women are attractive," she declared positively, "but only when their common sense doesn't run away with them! Men hate the over-sensible woman, who is forever setting the men right and putting them in their places! And small wonder that that should be so! A man hates to be mentally eclipsed by a woman, and girls should remember that there is such a thing as sex jealousy."

The opinions of men on this most interesting subject are illuminating, yet at the same time scarcely convincing. "Yes, a man does like a woman to be sensible," declared one recently, "but at the same time he doesn't want her to overdo the thing! I think that equal parts of sense and folly mingled are very attractive in a woman!"

Another man was more sweeping in his statements. "There's no such thing as a sensible woman," he declared tersely, "at any rate, not till she's over 30! A woman isn't really worth talking to until she has reached years of sense! Yes, of course a man likes a sensible woman for a permanent companion. The pretty, fluffy, foolish little girl attracts—but if there isn't sense there, then no man would bother with her for long! Give me the woman over 30 every time!"

And these conflicting opinions bring one no nearer to a definite conclusion!

The Wealth of Love

I was as poor as the poorest, dear,
And the world—it passed me by;
But not that day
When you walked Love's way!
For Heaven itself drew nigh—
Sweetheart!
For Heaven itself drew nigh.
I was as lone as the loneliest love,
With never a dream of bliss;
But not that day
When you walked Love's way,
And leaned to his thankful kiss—
Sweetheart!
And leaned to his thankful kiss.
And dear to my life is your love—your love,
And my soul hath ceased to sigh;
For sorrow seems
But an echo of dreams
And the stars are in Life's full sky—
Sweetheart!
And the stars are in Life's full sky!
Frank L. Stanton.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Trouble Comes to Frisky Cottontail

AFTER they made friends with the two little girls, if so silly a creature as a wild rabbit may be called a friend, Frisky and his little mate never lacked for food. Lucky it was that they had the children's help, too, for after the five little Friskys came to the new home, Mr. Frisky had all he could do to keep his family supplied with food!

You see, he was not used to hunting food city-fashion, and many a time his family might have gone hungry but for the tender cabbage leaves, the juicy carrots and the tempting tit-bits which the little girl left for him on the garden walk. Not that Frisky was lazy! He wasn't one bit! He was willing to work early and late for his little family; but the awful alarums he had to cross, the autos and the street cars all filled his soul with fear and made him afraid to journey far in search of food.

Many a time he had wished himself back in the woods where he knew exactly what the dangers were. But wishing is idle business and moving was not to be thought of till the babies were grown.

And how they did grow! Frisky and his mate were perfectly sure that never before were there five such fine rabbits. "I almost would like to show them to your children friends," said Mrs. Frisky one day after Frisky had brought in to the nest an extra choice bit of food. "Think how those girls would like to see them!" she thought, proudly.

"Don't you even speak to me of such a thing!" exclaimed Frisky in terror. "You stay right in here, with the children and you have no idea of the dangers abroad! Don't even think of taking the children off till they are able to run and care for themselves!"

Poor little Frisky! Little did he guess the trouble that was even then brewing over his home! It would have been far wiser to have let his little friends know where his nest was—then they could have cared for it. But how was little wildwoods Frisky to know that?

Just at the very minute Mrs. Frisky was talking, the mother of the two little girls said to her 12-year-old son, "Ned, I was out working in the garden this morning and I noticed an unsightly pile of grass over in a corner of the yard. It looked as though it had been there weeks! You must have forgotten it."



Ned poked the grass with his hands and found the five rabbit babies! fork and wheelbarrow went to work. "What you doing?" called his sisters. "Clearing up this grass pile," replied Ned. "Oh, let us ride on the wheelbarrow," called the girls, and they ran toward the pile just as Ned lifted up the first lot of grass. Imagine the amazement of the three children when out from under the grass ran two little rabbits, crying and running around in great distress! And no wonder! For, dropping his rake, Ned poked the grass with his hands and found the five rabbit babies! "They had their nest right there!" exclaimed the girls, and they think we're going to hurt their babies!" So the babies were laid on the grass again, the pile covered up and the children went away and left the rabbits safe! Aren't you glad?

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TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE CELLAR-LESS HOUSE

By Bob Williams

The Dwellings in the Dale of Day
Were all of different shapes—
From Hungulows that looked like Trees
To Huts resembling Ape.

The funniest of all, I think,
Was Foster's Maple Home
That nestled in the Air, above
The Field of Laughing Loam.

'Twas just the side of Something Else—
A Cabbage Bush, we'll say—
'Twas all complete until a Gale
Just whisked the Base away.



Now, when the Cellar left the Town,
The Palace kept its place,
'Till one fine day another Breeze
Just raised the Foster Race.
When Foster saw the way the Wind
Had pushed his Funny Hut
He built a Ladder, so his Folks
Could leave the Ozons Rut!
One night a Boy named Moses Smith,
He reached the Fourteenth Run,
And then the Breeze began to blow
From Nature's Breath Lung!
The House went up, the Ladder down,
And Moses felt his Toes
Go flying thru the April Air—
The Quills were off of Moses!

The Daily Story

Delphine's Choice

Throwing down my paper, I started in search of Delphine. She was getting into her autocar with Jerry, the crooked-backed. He was of no more consequence than a pet dog, except that his mind in his poor, ugly body was like the pearl in the oyster shell. So he was more entertaining, and besides being a mental genius, Jerry could sing. Ye powers! how he could sing!

"Delphine," I began abruptly, "in Holland they have four Sundays in November—"

"You don't say!" raising slender hands in exaggerated surprise. "Do you suppose they ever have five?"

"Listen. Four Sundays, known as Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession. On Review Sunday all the unmarried men and women go to church, look at one another, but don't speak."

"How silly!" remarked Delphine. "On Decision Sunday each man who wants a wife bows low before the maiden of his choice, and by her response he judges of her feelings toward him."

Delphine uttered—
"On Purchase Sunday he asks her parents' consent, and on Possession Sunday they appear as actual or prospective bride and bridegroom. I am telling you because I was once foolish enough to promise not to ask you to marry me. I beg to remind you that next Sunday is Decision Sunday, the second in November; also that there is more than one way to kill a cat."

Delphine regarded me with amusement. "Dick, I think you are the silliest ever," she laughed, as she and the auto and Jerry went speeding away.

That evening my emotion was slightly jarred. Hathaway of the blond head and the big heart joined me on the porch. Hathaway, bubbling over with something too good to keep. After five minutes' conversation I learned that Miss Delphine had once more made him promise that he shouldn't court her, and that today she had told him an interesting tale of how the men of Copenhagen, or South Africa, or some other damned place, got their wives. And why should she tell him all that unless she was hinting to him of an honorable way to break an unwilling promise?

Why, indeed, I thought wrathfully, as later and alone, I brooded over the matter, leaving Hathaway and a dozen others to dance with Delphine at the Casino. I had other fish to fry, and I was going to fry them good and brown, too. At last my plans were perfected. Hastening to the Casino, I buttonholed the reluctant Hathaway, and finally ejected him into doing what I wanted. Then we hunted up and explained to 10 other fellows who, with one exception, entered merrily into the scheme.

"But, hang it, Dick," protested the exception, "I'm already engaged."

"Don't worry, Jenkins," consoled Hathaway, "she will accept Dick or me, I know."

"It won't be Hathaway, I am sure," I said, shattering a confidence I did not own. On Sunday morning, when Delphine and her father came out of church, their astonished eyes beheld 12 men lined up near the red auto. Twelve? Ay, 13, for Jerry, with smiling lips and weary eyes, stood with us. We had an air of men before her, and, unmindful of the staring congregation, the girl responded with a quaint little courtesy.

"Delighted to see you," she said cordially. "Papa, will you invite the gentlemen to dine at the hotel with us?" Bewildered looking, papa complied, and Delphine motioned Jerry to enter the car.

"Don't see that anybody gained more than papa," he declared fiercely. "As we followed the auto's wake," "Except Jerry," grinned Jenkins. At the dinner's close Delphine's father told us that they were going home. They were to dine at the hotel with us.

"You fellows come over and dine with us at the Oaks next Sunday," she said genially.

We accepted with alacrity, glad to carry out the remainder of the plan in the confines of a home instead of a hotel; and every mother's son of us was at the gate of the Oaks at 1 o'clock on the next Sunday—Purchase Sunday, the third in November. We decided after dinner that we would be the best time to approach Delphine's father.

"You have to go first, Hathaway; you're the biggest," said one of the boys.

"Let's draw lots for our places," suggested Jenkins.

"I did draw number one. Darned if I didn't," exclaimed the big fellow. "Seven is the best. Who has the lucky seven?" The crooked-backed held up the magic number.

"Don't lose any sleep over it, boys," he said, mockingly. "You never for a moment supposed that I was in the running, did you? I followed along at first just to see the fun, but I'm out now."

Going up the palm-lined drive, he and I fell behind the others.

"Don't desert us, Jerry," I said absently, my mind on my request before Delphine's father.

"Do you think I'd have the face to ask her to burden her splendid young life to dine at the hotel with us?" Delphine's father took the conversation pretty much into his own hands. As we ate our soup, he talked of a Dyak of Borneo's betrothal customs.

As the coffee was served, her clear voice took up the conversation.

"You left out the prettiest of them all, papa," she said, smiling at him. "The custom of the Fan Hsias, a Burmese-Tartar people. They were to marry the auto's sister under a desire tree, and plays his favorite instrument. As the girl of his choice approaches, he plays louder and louder, and when she passes by he realizes that she will have none of him; but should she stop, and lay a flower upon whatever instrument he is playing, he knows that he has won her."

"Hum!" grunted her father, as we rose from the table. Delphine and her guests went to the veranda, while the man in whose hands lay our fate, went to his library.

Presently Hathaway, with a very red face, slipped in. He came out with a swagger that made me want to punch his blond head, was as Jenkins, who came out looking scared.

"I don't see how she can accept more than one of us," I thought. When my turn came the 12th—I found Delphine's father looking exceedingly bored.

"Permit me to say that I think you fellows are a pack of fools," he remarked. "However, I am instructed to say that you may have her, and bless you, my children."

Dizay with joy, I was staggering from the room, when he observed dryly: "Each of you has the same answer, so you're welcome to what encouragement you can get."

A good slap, sure enough. What next? When I joined the others, Jerry, out under the great eaves, began to sing. "Midas Tiao, under his desire tree," observed Jenkins nervously. He was a love song of renunciation, full of words and wild melody. Ye heavens! How that crisp sang! As the marvelous voice died away, Delphine, sobbing, ran down the steps. Snatching the crimson rose from her throat, she knelt before Jerry, and held it to his lips. We heard the boy's exclamation, then Delphine cried out something, and put her own sweet mouth in the place of the rose.

It was Hathaway who broke the spell. "We're lost, fellows," he muttered huskily. "Jerry was in the running after all."

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A gown in old gold charmeuse and embroidered chiffon

PRIZE
SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the EVENING LEDGER prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Blanche Hand, 1016 North Ohio avenue, Allentown, Pa., for the following suggestion:

"To prevent moths and other small insects from destroying pictures which are in frames, cut a piece of medium-weight paper and paste this neatly across the back of the frames. This will also keep the dampness from the picture and tend to preserve the color."

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary E. Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

"When grating potatoes for potato pancakes or other uses, place the potato on a strong fork, and you will not only use up all the potato, but will save scratching your fingers and knuckles."

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Emma Neely, 3010 West Susquehanna avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

"I have a large packing box. About one-third of the distance from the top I put in brass screw eyes around the sides. In the bottom I pack all the heavy clothing I know I will not need until very cold weather. Then I take tape one-half inch wide and lace it tightly across and back and forth. Over that I lay a newspaper and pack all the light-weight clothing one needs for cool weather; then another newspaper, and my chest is complete."

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Loretta McShane, 1328 North 15th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

"Have you ever tried to clean white kid gloves, slippers, etc., with Ivory soap and gasoline? Use the gasoline and soap as you would soap and water. Try this the next time you have occasion to clean a white kid article. I am sure it will prove most satisfactory."

At the Clubrooms

The annual meeting of the executive board of the New Century Club, of Chester, will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock. There will be a business meeting, which will include the election of officers, directors and delegates to the State Federation. Mrs. T. Edward Clyde is in charge of the inaugural reception, assisted by Miss Lucy G. Hathaway. This event will take place on Tuesday, May 11. A feature of the entertainment will be the rendition of some of Mrs. Samuel Dyer Clyde's compositions. Mrs. Clyde is in charge of the program for the music. The National Conference of Charities and Correction will be held at Baltimore from May 12 to May 15. The executive board of the New Century Guild will hold a meeting on Friday morning at 11. The officers of this organization include Miss Edith N. Brubaker, president; Miss Ella Klock, vice president; Miss Annie D. Laird, second vice president; Miss Florence M. Hubert, secretary, and Miss Mary B. Niles, treasurer. The business meeting will be held on Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, and the Civic Committee has invited all members. A most interesting talk will be given by Mrs. Edwin D. Solenberger on the Workmen's Compensation Act. Mrs. Solenberger is thoroughly conversant with her subject, having seen much of the labor question both here and abroad. A meeting of the suffrage section, of which Miss Viola Richman is chairman, will be held on May 19.

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Tomorrow's Menu
"Come and eat my strawberries; they are ripening fast."—Jane Austen.
BREAKFAST.
Rhubarb
Cereal and Cream
Hashed Beef on Toast
Coffee
LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.
Cold Roast Beef
Noodles
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit
Ginger Cookies
Tea
DINNER.
Vegetable Soup
Lamb Stew
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Asparagus Salad
Strawberry Shortcake
Rhubarb—Pare the rhubarb and cut it into inch lengths, pack it into a glass jar and let the cold water run on it for 20 minutes. Then screw on the top. It will keep for a long time—for months. When wanted, stew and sweeten to taste.
Noodles—Add a little butter to boiling, salted water, and throw the noodles in this, one at a time, to keep them from sticking together. Boil until done, a few at a time, and take out with a strainer. Add a little butter to them, and keep them hot until all are cooked. Sprinkle with crumbs that have been browned in hot butter and serve.

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A SMART GIRL'S
DIARY

An Evening Gown in Black and Gold

NEW YORK is always preparing some new and interesting surprises for its admirers, and yesterday I had my first introduction to the fashion soiree and dante. One of the best importers has these charming affairs when her newest models come in from abroad and all her patrons are invited. They have stunning-looking girls who act as mannequins, parading here and there displaying their gowns to the best advantage. Tea, music and dancing further add to the pleasure of the afternoon.

There were so many wonderful creations shown that it is almost impossible for me to tell about them all. Chiffons, taffetas and transparent gossamer fabrics are going to be the most fashionable for evening wear this summer. Embroidered and brocaded chiffons are combined with plain materials, and pastel colors are the rage. In fact, I didn't see one vivid color in the whole array. All black or black and white effects are in vogue, and metallic trimmings are still being used.

One strikingly handsome gown was designed by a famous New York couturier for the older woman. It had an old-fashioned charmeuse skirt, laid in shimmering green folds from the waist line to the hem. This was caught up at the left side, forming a sort of pocket and was untrimmed. A wide peasant apron of tulle hung straight from beneath the girdle and was held in place by a row of topos, ending in a large ornament on the side. The back of the skirt looked like a short tunic, falling to full length at the right side.

The bodice was really wonderful, in its simplicity of line and its superb coloring. A broad band of gold-embroidered chiffon formed the most striking and most extensive part of the waist. The shoulders were bare, except for a thin stone strap on one side and a black chiffon drape on the other. I loved the whole thing, and would almost be signed to growing old so that I could wear it.

ACROSS THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Newest Findings in Blouses

ALMOST distinctive and more or less Alarming development of the new blouses is the predominance of blazer striped effects. These come in the widest possible combinations, from golden yellow with black, white or blue stripes, at least three inches wide.

One of our most exclusive Chestnut street shops is selling these blouses in tailored style, with turn-down collar and long sleeves, finished off with a mannish cuff. The price is \$6.50.

A market street department store is selling some striped blouses with inch-wide stripes for the less adventurous. These are made on radium crepe de chine, with stripes in all the vivid shades, red, navy and solid blue and old gold being the favorites. The price is \$5.50.

Georgette blouses still retain their popularity and can be had in almost any of the fashionable shades, flesh pink, maize, cafe au lait, white, etc. One fashionable blouse was made on plain lines, very much like the ruffled blouses which were worn a year or so ago. This blouse has a V-neck, with a puffed ruffle all around the edge, and extending down the front to the waist line. A charmingly tinted little insertion of rose-printed chiffon is used on the ruffle. The price is \$3. Black net is cool and comfortable for the elderly woman during the warm days. This particular net blouse is made over a

foundation of flesh pink chiffon, and is very effective, indeed. The net is laid in strap effect over the shoulders, and is contrary form at the blouse part of the waist. Tiny black satin buttons outline the front, which has the hemstitched chiffon for a trimming. The price is \$4.50.

One of the neatest and most economical little blouses seen this season is made of white, pink, or blue linen. The collar is turned back from the throat, and is made of a contrasting color, as white on pink, pink on white, etc., with cuffs to correspond. The price is \$1.

A dressy blouse for the schoolgirl is made of soft Georgette crepe with a fringe of square-meshed cream net. This hangs loosely in the back like a small coat, and the front follows the shape of the V-neck. The price is \$3.50.

A Little Way

A little way to walk with you, my own—
Only a little way.
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.
A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know I cannot give
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile
With thy heart far from mine,
'Twould be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine.
F. L. Stanton.

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Greaseless Cream
Protects your skin from chaps and wind burn; will impart to your complexion the velvety bloom of youth.
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Incomparable for ridding the pores of all impurities; will give the pure clear complexion of perfect beauty.
These two essential creams are scientifically prepared to be used in conjunction with each other, and will produce results obtainable in no other way.
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Plexo Evening White
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Easily applied with a "pmp" sponge, and does not rub off. Surpassed for the evening toilet, and dancing.
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Ledger Central Educational Bureau, on the ground floor of the Real Estate Trust Building, at Broad and Chestnut streets, will furnish you, free of charge, with all sorts of information about schools and colleges all over the country. This information is the result of personal investigation and gives you a much more accurate idea than reading any number of catalogues. If convenient, phone or call and talk it over. If you live at a distance fill out the coupon below and send it to EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, LEDGER CENTRAL, Philadelphia. There is no charge.

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